

WIN AN **ATARI COMPUTER**
AND **T.V. INSIDE!**

MARVEL
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





Greetings, fellow fans of the ecto-plasmic! This week's fabulous issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** shoots off in good ol' cowboy style with **The Last Round-Up!** Yeeehaah! It certainly has the ghostbusting gang trying to steer clear of trouble! Nobody can accuse them of being cowards, however! This is definitely the case in **A Ghost in Time!**, when the lads find that they have time on their hands again. Then, they have to get themselves dolled up and ready to dash out again in **Haunted Doll's House!** Is there no end to it all? Well, apparently not.

In keeping with this week's computer-mad **Winston's Diary**, this issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic is running an amazing competition, in conjunction with **ACTIVISION**, who have been good enough to produce a great new **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** video game. First prize **ATARI ST 520FM** computer, plus 14" colour TV! There are also fifty runners-up prizes! So get those entries rolling in!

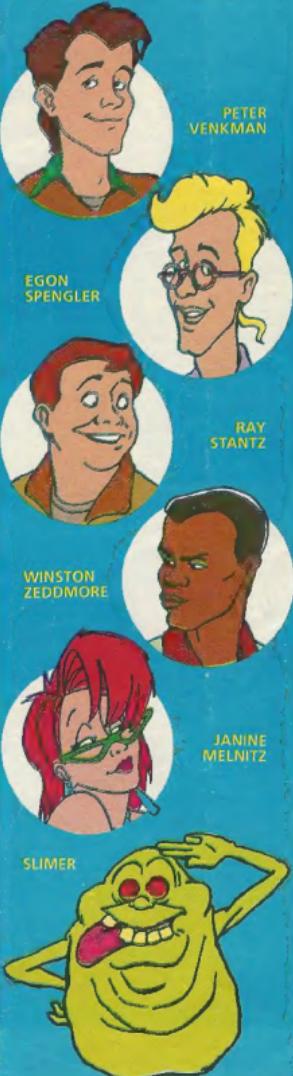
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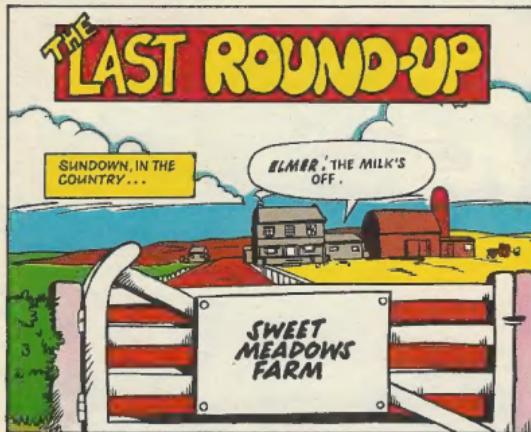
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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









Over 50 Fabulous ACTIVISION Prizes to be won!



Guess what! Yes! Those wonderful people at **ACTIVISION** have got together with **MARVEL COMICS** to bring you a competition of truly awe-inspiring and generous proportions! Good grief. First prize is a fantastic **ATARI ST 520FM** computer along with a 14" colour TV. As if that wasn't enough, there are twenty-five second prizes of **ACTIVISION'S** incredible and exciting new **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** computer game, which features ghosts and ghouls from your wildest imaginings! But that's not all! There will also be twenty-five third prizes of **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** T-shirts! Wow!

Prizes will be compatible with:
The Commodore 64 cassette and disc, the Spectrum cassette and disc, the Amstrad CPC cassette and disc, the Atari ST and the Amiga system.

HOW TO ENTER: All you have to do is jot down the answers to the following five questions on a postcard, or sealed envelope, put your name, age and address at the bottom and post your entry to:

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS COMPUTER COMPETITION, MARVEL COMICS, 13/15 ARUNDEL STREET, LONDON WC2R 3DX.

Entries should arrive no later than 21st April 1989. You should also specify on your entry the type of computer you have.

All replies received by that date will be examined and the prizes will be awarded to the first entries checked.

QUESTIONS:

1. Who invented the Spectrum home computer? Was it:
a) Alan Sugar. ✓
b) Alexander Graham-Bell.
c) Sir Clive Sinclair. ✓
2. What kind of vehicle is ECTO-1?
3. What does PKE stand for? *PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY*
4. Name the hotel in which Slimer was first found.
5. What is the Ghostbusters' favourite type of pizza?



ENERGY

RULES: The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd., and Activision. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to the competition is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified and the result will be published in *The Real Ghostbusters*.

SPENGLER'S SPIRIT

GUIDE

NEW SPOOK NEWS

I was fascinated to receive a paper from Al Carbonara, a Graduate student at California's Institute of Advanced Reasoning, Quantitative Assessing, Surfing and Laz-ing On The Beach, who said that his work on the paranormal and computing had resulted in his discovering two previously un-classified types of ghost. With his permission, I'm going to give you a sneak preview of his ground-breaking discoveries here in the Guide, although you can read the whole paper for yourself later this month in *Paranormal Research Quarterly*, where it will be illustrated by various photographs of ghosts in containment units, and also in *Surf's Up!* where it will be illustrated by various photos of friends in bikinis.

Bumplins

Carbonara's first find was the spook he has classified as a Class Two Simple Repeater and code-named the Bumplin. The Bumplin is a bizarre hybrid-form of the common or garden Gremlin (see Guide 28) and is possibly one of the most pitiful spooks ever. The first case of Bumplin sighting was made at Cape Canaveral in early 1971, and it is believed that this mutant Gremlin was produced by extreme high-tech environments such as Space Computer centres, Military High Commands etc. Basically a Bumplin is the distraught, upset ecto-form



PART 43

that a Gremlin assumes when it finally realises it is not clever enough to infiltrate the systems of any advanced computer in order to perpetrate the usual trickery it is famed for. Bumplins are gremlins that have met their match, spooks who realise that they should really have been keeping up with modern technology because they've been left far, far behind in the race for advanced information systems. Utterly terrified of flat screens, disc drives and bytes, Bumplins spend their days sitting under filing cabinets in high-tech offices crying quietly, except of occasional moments of spite, when they make leaves drop off the office Yukka plant.

Smart-Gremlins

A far more significant find was Carbonara's discovery of

the Class Five Hyper-Activity Free-Roamer, which he code-named the Smart-Gremlin. This is also a mutation of the simple Class two Gremlin, but is a much more dangerous beast altogether. Smart-Gremlins are a new generation of high-tech compatible sabotage spooks that can accommodate and penetrate all the very latest in computer hard-ware and software. More often than not, it has been shown that Smart-Gremlins are the product of mated pairs of Bumplins, who rapidly discover that their offspring knows much more about computer technology than they do. Smart Gremlins pose a very serious threat indeed to advanced computer systems worldwide.

The Next Generation

Carbonara ends his paper with an ominous warning that this trend could easily continue into the next century as successive generations of advanced computers create successive generations of high-tech gremlins. Carbonara predicts the appearance of the Class six Genius-Gremlin by early 1992, followed eventually by the Class eight Super-Gremlin at the turn of the century. He suggests the only solution is for mankind to go back to abacus addition and long division, putting the Smart-Gremlins out of a job and giving mankind as a whole a lot more time to laze about on the beach.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

A GHOST IN TIME!

LONDON, ENGLAND.

BOND ST.

HERE WE ARE, EGON. IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND, WALKING DOWN ONE OF THE CLASSIEST SHOPPING MALLS IN THE WORLD.

WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR ANY WINDOW SHOPPING, PETER. WE'RE HERE ON A JOB FOR 'DOWDY AND SONS', THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS WATCH REPAIRERS IN LONDON.



GOOD MORNING, SIRS. I TAKE IT THAT YOU ARE THE GHOST-BUSTING GENTLEMEN FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?

SURE ARE! SO WHERE'S THE BLIGHTER?



WHAT MY COLLEAGUE MEANS, MR. DOWDY, IS WHERE CAN WE DISCOVER YOUR PARANORMAL PHENOMENA?

I FEAR THAT HE WILL APPEAR ANY MOMENT NOW.



THE CREAM OF BRITISH HIGH SOCIETY SHOP AT DOWDY AND SONS, SO YOU MUST BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOUR.

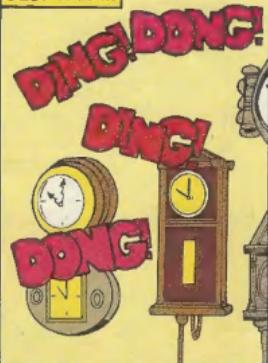
I SHALL BE THE SOUL OF DISCRETION!

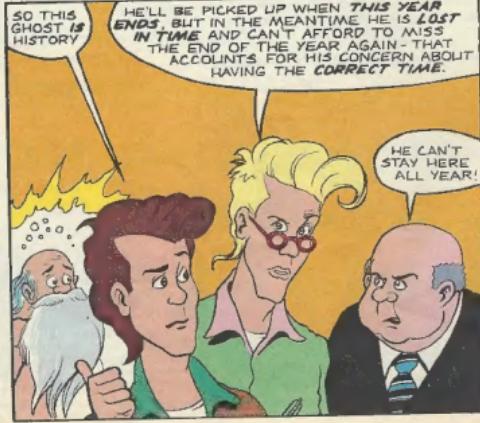


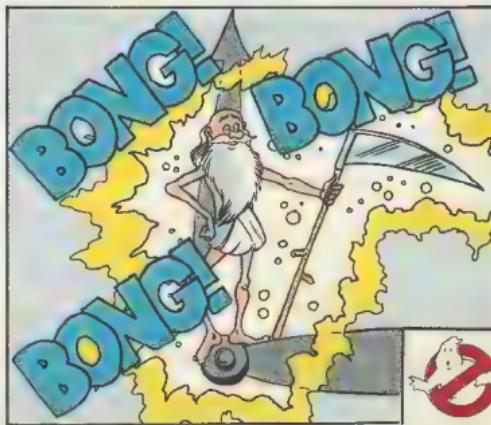
LATER, AT DOWDY AND SONS.



JUST THEN...







ELECTRICAL SPRITES

These mischievous spirits were the ectoplasmic manifestations of elemental sprites which live at the centre of the earth. They were released, however, by a certain Mr. Harry O'Spade-handle, who was digging a hole in the pavement as part of a new road improvement scheme. They certainly gave everyone involved an electrifying time, when they possessed a simple ghetto blaster and transformed it into a tremendously explosive and loud blaster! There were, in fact, two of the little elemental fiends in this case. One of them was positive and the other was negative and, of course, they felt quite at home in an electrical appliance. They finally wished, however, that they had stayed underground, when the Ghostbusters came along and gave them an electric shock they wouldn't soon forget. It was probably one of the few occasions when the Ghostbusters would have the opportunity to charge for a 'charge'!



DEAD TREE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



hosts appear to mere mortals in many shapes and disguises.

Sometimes they manifest themselves as shadowy phantoms, sometimes they seem to be half solid, half transparent. However, at other times they appear . . . as... AAAARRGH! Well, to Cecil Bathe it went something like this.

Cecil, a Royal Air Force mechanic during the Second World War, was returning to his Libyan base after a supply trip when he came across a German tank, which had been wrecked in an attack. As he passed the tank, a horrific sandstorm descended upon the place, forcing him to stop for a while until it had blown over. Peering through the swirling dust, Cecil noticed a solitary figure and gestured that he should join him in the

shelter of his truck.

The stranger, who was wearing a khaki uniform without any insignia, thus accompanied Cecil and the two chatted and drank beer. During the course of their conversation, Cecil noticed that his friend had a severe burn on his right arm and he suggested that he get himself some medical attention. Cecil was somewhat surprised when the man replied, "It's a bit late for that. Anyway it doesn't matter."

The following day, the storm subsided and Cecil offered the stranger a lift. The man declined, however, and said, "I'm going in the opposite direction. Thank you for the beer."

On parting, they shook hands and the stranger said, "God watch over you, Tommy." His hand was cold and clammy.

Cecil put his foot down on the accelerator and

took one last look in his rear-view mirror, and was rather shocked to find that the lonesome figure had disappeared! There was no trace of anything apart from the bombed-out shell of the tank.

Several days later, Cecil returned to the airfield just in time to see the tank being hoisted onto a transporter. A corporal, who was in charge, informed Cecil that the tank driver had died at the controls a month earlier when the tank had been hit by a marauding shell.

The body was under a temporary cover. Cecil lifted it . . . and to his horror, there lay his companion from the desert of a few days earlier.

Quaking in his boots, he climbed onto the wreck and just visible in the fading light was . . . the glinting of a beer bottle!



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Thursday, 30th of March 1989

Oh well, at least California was sunny. Egon and I had been invited to California by *Hamstrung International*, one of the biggest computer firms in the west, to a special opening ceremony of their newest computer system. Of course we Ghostbusters had been asked to open things before, Supermarkets, Exhibitions... doors, but this was a real honour. On the flight I read through several very glossy brochures and discovered that *Hamstrung* were the world's foremost manufacturer of research and information processing databases and had supplied contracts for many international organisations, research bodies and government institutions. They were big with a capital 'B'.

Hamstrung's headquarters were a vast glass and steel factory that looked like an overgrown greenhouse in Silicon Valley, the Californian computer heartland.

"So, what are we opening?" I asked Egon, as we rode in the back of a purring *Hamstrung* Limo to the factory.

"The Series G Ectodyne Simulation Generator", he replied.

The Series G Ectodyne Simulation Generator was a compact device about the size of a moderate housing estate. It occupied an entire wing of the *Hamstrung* Headquarters and was operated by over four hundred people. The chief technician was a fast-talking guy called Roger Bollinger. He showed us the main terminal, fingers flashing over the keys and the lights reflecting on his vast spectacles. "The Series G", he gabbled, "is the most advanced mechanism known to man for the processing, storage, inter-comparison and possibility generation of a vast body of information. The reason we've asked you to officiate at the 'On-Line' ceremony is that this first prototype is specifically designed to process and assimilate ghost-related data. We hope that the pool of information it contains will lead to massive improvements in the science of the Supercosmos, and more specifically Ghostbusting." "What can this do that we can't?" I asked Bollinger.

"You'd be surprised", he replied, and punched a few keys. "Every type of phantom known to man is registered in here. With only a simple sequence of instructions, I can pull any specific ghost out of the memory, generate a 3-D simulation of it and allow you, or Ghost researchers like you, to conduct tests in a completely safe and clinical environment."



Egon and I raised suitably impressed eyebrows. "So, there are no real ghosts here at all? It's all computer information?" asked Egon.

"Exactly", said Bollinger. "Welcome to the realm of Elves and Pixcels. Let me demonstrate."

He pressed a few last keys. On the big flat-screen terminal, a coloured haze rose up and bloomed, turning and spinning like a kaleidoscope. Then, shapes began to form... shapes of spooks we could recognise, absolutely life-like... or death-like... whatever. Anyway, they rose up in front of us on the screen and then faded away to be replaced by yet another.

"Fascinating", murmured Egon. "A Class five, full-torso... a level nine repeater... a gremlin... high level elementals... a babbler... Slimer... a free roaming gaseous vapour..."

"We can do more than this", said Bollinger. "Watch..."

At the touch of a key, the images on the

screen vanished and were replaced with the flashing words 'Full Simulation.' In a split second, both Egon and I felt our skin crawl as the ghosts from the screen began to float around the vast hall above our heads. "Relax", said Bollinger, "they're all just holographic computer simulations. Look here's your Mr. Stay-Puft now..." The vast white bulk of the Stay-Puft spook loomed like an airship above our heads. All the assembled *Hamstrung* workers were clapping as if it were a firework display. Egon grabbed my sleeve with some seriousness. "I think Bollinger has just made a rather crucial error in generating the image of Stay-Puft", he said.



"Why?" I asked... then the answer dawned on me. Where as all the other spooks Bollinger had generated were simply images, Stay Puft, whether made of marshmallow as we'd first met him, or made of Computer simulation as now, was merely a carrier form, like a suit of armour, that the demon, Gozer, used to influence our world. "Do you mean that Gozer could possess this computer form as easily as it could the original host body?"

Despite the situation, Egon smiled at me. "Winston! You really have been reading those spirit guides haven't you! That's exactly it!" That was exactly it, and as if to prove how exactly it was, the Marshmallow image reached down and lifted a

rather surprised Bollinger out of his seat. "Help! Help me!" he yelled, "This doesn't usually happen!"

"That's my line!" said Egon and unshipped his Proton Gun from his back pack. I leapt along side him and we both fired. Then we looked at each other in alarm. "I'm alarmed!" said Egon. "Our Proton Guns seem to have no effect."

"It may be possessed by Gozer, but that monster up there is just hologram!" I answered, surprising even myself. "There's nothing Ectoplasmic for our Proton Beams to snare!"

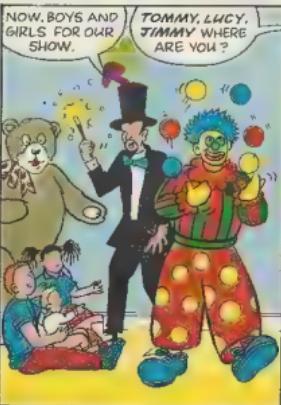
"Brilliant!" yelled Egon, "but terrible! There's nothing we can do against it."

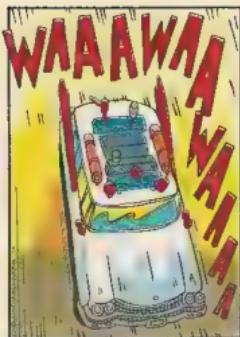
"Oh yes there is", I said, and pressed the terminal key marked 'off'.

Turning the system off while it was running, crashed the entire memory banks. Fourteen-million-dollars-worth of microchips fused and burnt out. Eighteen Video Terminals, each worth about the same as the budget deficit of a fair-sized European country, blew up. Over eight-billion-dollars of parapsychological data was lost forever. Bollinger sprained an ankle in the fall he suffered after Mr. Stay-Puft vanished. He blamed us for not warning him of the dangers of generating a Stay-Puft simulation. *Hamstrung International* asked us to show ourselves out, and find our own way home. All the way to New York. Oh well, at least California was sunny.



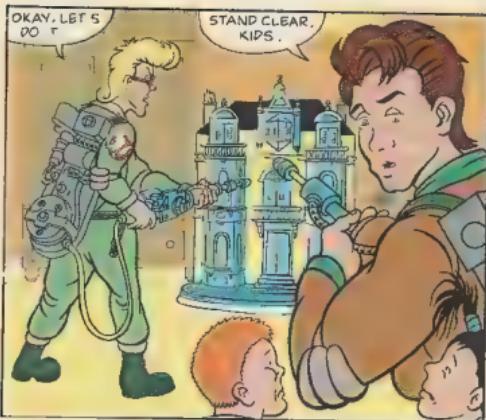
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





THE P.K.E. * READING INDICATES A DISTURBANCE IN THE ASTRAL PLANE, CAUSING THE PHENOMENON OF THE TRANS KINETIC RESPONSE SYNDROME. THIS WILL SERIOUSLY AFFECT THE BALANCE BETWEEN REALITY AND FANTASY. IN SIMPLE TERMS, YOUR KIDS WILL STAY IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE





GH~~O~~ST WRITING!



Hi there, folks! Your letters really are pouring in at a furious rate. I'd like to apologize to those of you who don't get a reply, but there just isn't room on the page for a fraction of them. Anyway here's to the lucky ones...

Dear Peter . . .

I would like to ask you what you would do if Slimer came up to you and bust you?

— Michael Yorke, Boston

Well, if I had been busted, I wouldn't be able to do anything, would I? However, this is purely hypothetical because I'm not a ghost and can't be busted anyway.

Is Mr. Stay-Puft really made out of marshmallow? If so, why don't you turn him into biscuits?

— Steven Dyke, Shirecliffe.

That's a very good question, Steven. I think, though, that perhaps they wouldn't taste all that good.

Please can you tell me:
1. Why does everyone accuse you of being nasty to Slimer, when he slimes you and eats your food?
2. Why doesn't Egon marry Janine?
3. Why does Egon talk like a human dictionary?
4. How old are you?
Lara Jackson, Battersea.

*1. That, Lara, is something which I would like to know myself. I don't think I'm being that unreasonable, do you?
2. Some things have to be done by mutual consent, not by a democratic vote! 3. Egon talks like a human dictionary because he is blessed with an unusually high degree of intelligence.
4. Age is something which you should never question. It's just not polite!*

I have some questions for you:
1. Which ghost frightened you most of all?
2. Is Slimer a hologram?
3. Did you enjoy school?
Robert Bennet, Norwich.

1. Well, generally speaking, ghosts aren't always frightening, exactly. They do get the old adrenalin going, however. I guess, though, the time when I really was frightened was when we were faced with Mr. Stay-Puft. That thing was huge! 2. Slimer isn't a hologram. I can certainly vouch for that. Holograms just can't slime you like that! 3. School wasn't too bad, really. I enjoyed the science lessons and Slimer wasn't at my school — that was an added bonus.

1. Was there a fact file on Mr. Stay-Puft?
2. I have a complaint. Why don't you hold competitions?
Wayne Martin, Worksop.

There was indeed a fact file on Mr. Stay-Puft, which appeared in issue 29 and as to your complaint, well, there's a competition in this issue, as you will probably have noticed by now. There, another satisfied customer!

Could I ask you a few questions?

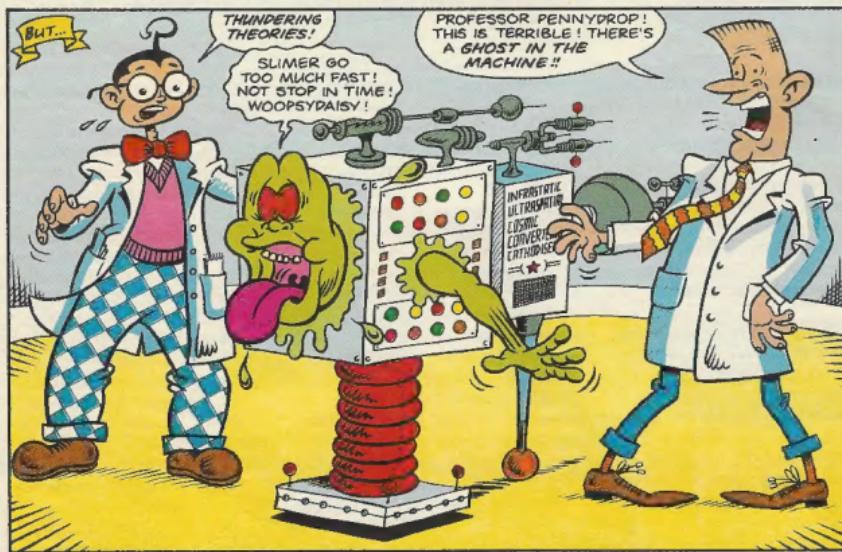
1. What are Egon's spores, moulds and fungi like?
2. Why does Egon have his hair curled at the front?
3. How did Slimer get slime on him?

— Stuart and Simon, Staffordshire.

1. Egon is very protective about his collection of moulds and fungi, but what I have seen of them is positively amazing. Amazing in that the variety of growths is quite phenomenal. There are so many different types that it is no wonder that it takes up so much of his spare time. It's also amazing that Egon actually wants to spend so much of his time studying these things! Rather him than me. 2. Why not. He thinks it gives him more than a passing resemblance to Elvis and it seems to have impressed Janine, anyway! 3. Slimer didn't actually get slime on him, as it were. The ecto-plasmic slime comes from inside his body in much the same way as people sweat or have dribbly noses. Yech!

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



Story BAMBOS Art and Lettering BAMBOS Colouring HEL

IT'LL KNOCK YOU OUT!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 43 More horrid hauntings this week, with a distinctively western-style bust in **The Last Round-Up**, by Fabian, Wildman and Perkins. There's also a haunting in miniature in **The Haunted Doll's House**, by Fabian, Elliot and Bambos, and Old Father Time is late for an appointment in **A Ghost in Time** by Elliott, Geering and Perkins. Text story by Abnett, Winston's Diary and loads more!

DEATH'S HEAD 5 Yes, that maniacal, materialistic mechanoid is at it again! He's on the trail of Keepsake, a slightly shady character first seen in **Doctor Who** monthly. There's a pot of gold and a vengeful ex-partner involved, too! Confused? **Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darling**, by Furman and Higgins, has the answers.

TRANSFORMERS 212 The hunt is nearly over, as the Decepticon Pretender Beasts catch up with Spike Witwicky and his friend, Cliff Dietz. It's slaughter on the slopes in this week's story, **Man in the Machine**, part 2, by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt.

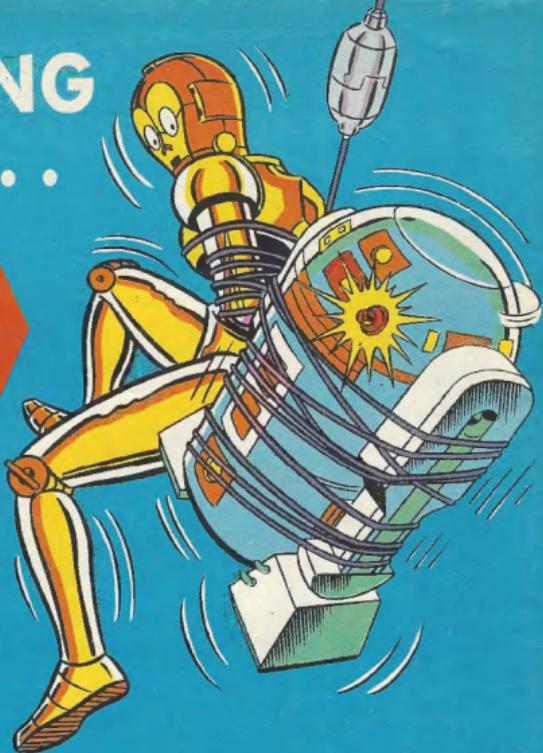
DON'T MISS...

ACTION FORCE 11 Some new additions this month. Apart from the two strip stories, **Wild, Wild Life**, by Abnett and Smith and featuring Outback and Psyche-Out, and the classic **Coils of the Serpent** by Collins, Hopgood and Harwood, you've got Mail Call, a Fact File on Zanzibar and a NEW T.A.C. page! Whew!

ON SALE NOW!

DON'T HANG AROUND. . .

LIKE OUR TWO HEROES,
R2-D2 AND C3PO.



CAN THE GALAXY BE SAVED FROM
THIS EVIL, SWASH-BUCKLING
SCOUNDREL? *THE RED PIRATE!*

FIND OUT IN

DROIDS

SPRING SPECIAL

ON SALE
NOW!